

THE
CHARITY SCHOOL
SPELLING BOOK.

PART I.

CONTAINING
THE ALPHABET,
SPELLING LESSONS,
AND
SHORT STORIES
OF GOOD AND BAD BOYS,
In Words of One Syllable only.

By SARAH TRIMMER.

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for F. AND C. RIVINGTON, No 62, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH YARD.

1799.

CHARITY SCHOOL
SPELLING BOOK



(3)

ABCDEF GHIJ KLMN
OPQR STUVW XYZ.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v w x y z &.

ABCDEF GHIJ KLMN
OPQR STUVW XYZ.

b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z &.

(4)

R F K P C E G T D I S A N Y
M Q X F W L J Z O V B.

r f d k p c e g t i s a n y q m
s x f w l j o v b &.

R F K P C E G T D I S A N Q Y
M X F W L J Z O V B.

r f d k p c e g t i s a n y q m
x f w l j o v b &.

B C D F G H K L M N P Q
R S T V W X Z.

b c d f g h k l m n p q r s t
v w x z.

A E I O U Y.

a e i o u y.

ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
ad	ed	id	od	ud
af	ef	if	of	uf
ag	eg	ig	og	ug
ak	ek	ik	ok	uk
al	el	il	ol	ul

am	em	im	om	um
an	en	in	on	un
ap	ep	ip	op	up
ar	er	ir	or	ur
as	es	is	os	us
at	et	it	ot	ut
ax	ex	ix	ox	ux

ba	be	bi	bo	bu
ca	ce	ci	co	cu
da	de	di	do	du
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu
ga	ge	gi	go	gu
ha	he	hi	ho	hu

ja	je	ji	jo	ju
ka	ke	ki	ko	ku
la	le	li	lo	lu
ma	me	mi	mo	mu
na	ne	ni	no	nu
ra	re	ri	ro	ru

fa	fe	fi	fo	fu
ta	te	ti	to	tu
va	ve	vi	vo	vu
wa	we	wi	wo	wu
ya	ye	yi	yo	yu
za	ze	zi	zo	zu

am	an	in	on	of	if
as	at	it	is	up	us
be	he	we	ye	or	my
no	go	lo	to	do	so

(2)

bla	ble	bli	blo	blu	bly
cla	cle	cli	clo	clu	cly
gla	gle	gli	glo	glu	gly
bra	bre	bri	bro	bru	bry
cra	cre	cri	cro	cru	cry
dra	dre	dri	dro	dru	dry

cha	che	chi	cho	chu
fra	fre	fri	fro	fru
gla	gle	gli	glo	glu
fma	fme	fmi	fmo	fmu
fna	fne	fni	fno	fnu
fwa	fwe	fwi	fwo	

pha	phe	phi	pho	phu
kna	kne	kni	kno	knu
gna	gne	gni	gno	gnu
wra	wre	wri	wro	wry
tha	the	thi	tho	thy
wha	whē	whi	who	why

fi fi ff ff fs fl fl ft et fb
fk fh fi fl fl ml &c.

fla	fle	fli	flo	sha	she
fta	fte	fma	fho	shy	fla
act	fly	fio	fty	shu	sky

boy	joy	man	can	ran
hit	fit	pit	got	hot

cat	rat	hat	pig	dig
hog	fog	dog	log	pog

leg	peg	neg	beg	reg
top	fop	hop	pin	tin

how	cow	now	bull	pull
not	pot	got	pen	ten

had	fad	but	cut	nut
for	her	him	his	you

will	till	may	can	fee
day	lay	too	has	nor

back	jack	dick	hick	pick
cock	lock	mock	sock	duck

buff	cuff	gift	lift	fife
oft	soft	high	nigh	figh

have	save	gave	tofs	lofs
give	live	five	mith	fith

door	poor	corn	morn	torn
loft	coft	gone	done	baek

gain	pain	rein	love	dove
book	cook	look	dash	left

bolt	colt	card	hard	lard
trap	flap	step	calf	half

dart	part	tart	cake	make
all	ball	call	hall	wall

bell	tell	fell	well	yell
bill	fill	till	mill	kill

bull	full	halt	malt	salt
gold	bold	fold	told	hold

bend	mend	send	lend	rend
bind	find	kind	mind	wind

sand	land	hand	burn	turn
cord	lord	song	long	tong

wing	fing	king	rang	fang
ink	pink	fink	harp	carp

dirt	hurt	bird	curd	lark
dish	fish	fash	wash	hash

ash	bash	tash	lisp	wisp
lass	pals	befs	lefs	mefs

cast	fast	last	maft	vaft
best	left	nest	rest	test

babe	robe	face	lace	mace
rice	mice	nice	vice	lice

bide	hide	fide	ride	wide
life	wife	cage	rage	page

bake	cake	make	take	fake
like	pike	duke	luke	fale

came	game	tame	name	same
file	mile	tile	hole	pole

time	rime	come	some	home
dine	fine	mine	one	done

gone	none	pine	cape	gape
pipe	ripe	hope	fope	mope

are	bare	care	dare	hare
here	were	fire	hire	mire

tore	wore	cure	sure	bare
care	tire	wire	wore	fore

lose	nose	rose	hose	fate
gate	hate	kate	bite	kite

lute	mute	gave	save	pave
five	hive	give	have	wave

dove	love	gaze	maze	maid
paid	said	laid	pail	nail

cain	gain	rain	pain	vain
fair	hair	pair	wait	vein

oil	boil	coin	join	foul	foul
our	four	pour	your	four	

been	seen	keep	weep	peep
deer	fear	good	wood	food

fool	tool	moon	noon	soon
coop	hoop	root	flea	plea

dead	head	read	beak	peak
meal	peal	bean	lean	dean

leap	reap	bear	pear	wear
near	year	ear	beat	meat

load	toad	oar	boar	door
bawl	cawl	fowl	howl	

oys.]

mown sown down gown limb
hymn comb dumb knell

proof hoof look shook nook
flood loose coast roast toast

friend fierce grieve yield
reach breach thread tread

broad health wealth speak
dread swear leave heave

three wheel sheep sneeze
speech sweet eight height

noise point voice joint
blood brood floor shoot

bought brought house mouse
ground bound wound through

youth young build guilt
fruit juice spruce pounce

east
windwest
rainnorth
snowsouth
frost

EASY LESSONS.

A good man
a good boy
a good girl
a bad man
a bad girl
a bad boy

A great ox
a fat calf
an old ram
a great dog
a lame pig
a mad bull

A live hen
a dead goose
a fat duck
a young lamb
a wild ass
a black horse

A red cow
an old ram
a tall tree
a great oak
a low bush
a long stick

A tame cat
a great rat
a black toad
a long snake
a low stile
a high gate

A good fire
a large pond
a high wind
a hard frost
a deep snow
a bright star

The Sun shines bright.
The Wind blows hard.
The Rain falls fast.

The Man digs well.
The Boy plows well.
The Girl sews fast.

The Girl spins fine yarn.
The Boy heads pins well.
The Boy mends his own coat.

The Girl makes the boy's shirt.
Good Girls make their own clothes.
Good Boys take care of their shoes.

A good Boy likes to have a clean face.
A good Girl loves to be neat and clean.
It is a sad sight to see dirt on the skin.

If you would be wise and good, you must learn to read your Book.

It is a good thing to learn to read well.

If you spend all your time in play, you will be a dunce.

None but a dunce will spend all his time at play.

Play is good when work is done, and the Book learnt.

When Boys or Girls go to School, they should not stop by the way to play.

They should make haste to School, and not stand to see things in the street.

It is a sad thing to lose time when work is to be had.

Boys and Girls who will not work when they may, will go in rags all their lives.

There are six days to work in, and one day to go to church.

In six days you should do all the work you can.

When time is lost, it is not to be got back.
Make the most of time, it is a sad loss to
lose time.

When Boys or Girls go home, they should
be as good as if they were at School.

Those who wish to be good, will try to be
so at all times.

In a School, Boys and Girls may learn
how to be good.

It is a sad thing for a Boy or Girl to be rude.
No one likes rude Boys and Girls, they
get beat, and chid.

I should think Boys and Girls would wish
to have the love of all good folks.

Those who are poor, want friends, and friends
can not be had, if folks will not be good.

Those who are rich, will not help those who
are poor, if they will not try to be good.

You may make good friends in this School,
if you mind your work and your book, and do
no bad things.

If you are told of bad tricks, try to leave
them off as soon as you can.

Bad tricks and faults will do you harm more ways than one.

Do just as you are bid, by those who teach you.

There is one God, He is great, and wise and good.

God made all things that are. God made you and all men.

God made the birds and the beasts, and all fish.

God made trees and plants, and herbs, and roots, and seeds.

God takes care of all the things he has made.

If God did not take care of all things, they would die and come to nought.

God loves those who are good, and do as they ought.

God loves the poor as well as the rich, if they are good.

God will bless those that love him, both rich and poor.

God will not bless the bad, for God does what is right and good.

God made day and night for men, that they might work and take rest.

There is no dark night with God, he dwells in light more bright than the sun at noon-day.

God sees all we do, and hears all we say, both by night and day.

There is not a thought in our hearts but God knows it.

We should take care not to say bad words, or do bad things, lest we lose the love of God.

If we have bad thoughts, we should try to get rid of them as fast as we can.

You must take care not to lie or steal, for God will know it, if no one else finds you out.

God does not love those who lie and steal.

It is a sad mean thing to tell lies. No one likes those who tell lies.

One lie draws on more. Do not lie to hide a fault, for that will make two faults.

Speak the truth, for God loves those that do so. He is a God of truth.

You must not swear, and take God's name in vain. God will not love those who do so.

Do not call ill names; a good word is as soon said as a bad one.

Do not steal the least thing in the world, but learn to know what is your own.

God does not love those that steal.

God will not bless those that lie, swear, or steal.

God is the best friend you can have. God is a friend to those who love their friends.

God is the sure friend of the poor if they are but good.

You must pray to God, and try to please him if you would have him for your friend.

No one can hurt you if you have God for your friend.

If you are good, God will take care of you by night and by day.

God, if he sees fit, will give you strength to work, and sense to learn.

God will do that which is best for you, and he knows what is best for all.

You must love God, for he is good.

You must fear God, for he is great.

You must pray to God for all things that you stand in need of.

You must give thanks to God for all the good things he gives you.

God is kind and good, and he loves those who try to be kind and good.

We cannot be as kind and good as God, but we must be so, as far as we can.

It is not kind and good, for Boys or Girls to fight and scratch and call names.

It is not kind and good to steal things, or spoil books and clothes.

Nor is it kind and good to hurt poor dumb things, that can not speak and tell when they are hurt.

A poor Horse or Ass, a poor Cat or Dog, nay, a poor Fly, can feel as well as you.

A Horse, an Ass, a Cat, a Dog, a Sheep, a Hog, an Ox, a Cow, and all beasts, have flesh and blood and bones as well as you.

If you have a hard knock with a stick or a stone, it makes your bones and your flesh ache.

If you have a cut with a whip, it makes your flesh smart. If you are cut with a knife

or a stone, it makes the blood run, and gives sad pain.

If you beat or cut live things, that have flesh, and blood, and bones, they feel as you do.

If you do not like to smart, and ache, and bleed, do not give pain, or fetch blood from poor dumb beasts.

If a Boy or Girl break a leg or an arm, they are in sad pain, and cry; and they must lie in bed all day for a long time to get it well, and yet some Boys and Girls will pull legs off poor flies for sport. A leg is a leg, to a fly as well as to a Boy or Girl.

If a Boy or Girl gets a bad scratch with a pin they find it sore, and do not like it at all.

Yet some Boys and Girls will make it their sport to run pins through the wings of poor flies.

Some Boys and Girls tie strings to the legs of birds, and tease them; and some starve birds to death in a cage.

Would a Boy or a Girl like to have a man tie a string to their leg, and tease them so? Would a Boy or Girl like to be shut up in a cage, and starve to death there? If not, why will they serve poor dumb things so?

Some boys make it their sport to tie a bone to a poor dog's tail, or to cry out, A mad dog! A mad dog! that folk may kill them.

And some make it their sport to hunt cats.

None of these things are kind and good; to do them is not the way to please a kind and good God, who made beasts, and birds, and flies, and all things that live.

We may kill beasts and fowls, and other things, for food; but we should not hurt them till they must be put to death.

No one should be cross at work or play; for God does not love those who are cross.

There is one day in the week to go to church and serve God, and that is the LORD'S DAY. GOD is the LORD, he rules over all things.

A Boy or Girl should not work, or play at games or sports on the LORD'S DAY, but should learn to serve God, and do what will please him.

Those who would please God, must pray to him at home on His day, and give him thanks for the good things they have had in the week. And they must go to church to hear and to learn, and to pray there.

They must not play or talk in church, for church is the house of God. God is in his house, though no eye can see him; and he knows who pray to him and who do not; so all should take great care what they do in the house of God.

When you are to go to the house of God, you should wash your skin quite clean, and brush your coat and hat, and clean your shoes, for it is not right to carry dirt into the house of God.

You should pull your hat off at the door of God's house, and not put it on till you come out of it.

You should kneel down to pray both at
[Boys.] C

home and in the house of God, and not sit down when the rest of the folk kneel or stand up at church.

You should not lounge and loll against the pews, or lay hold of rails, but when you stand you should stand in a row with the rest of the Boys or Girls; and when you sit, you should sit straight upon the form, and not put your feet out to kick or throw folk down.

When Psalms are sung you should stand up, and not sit all the while, as some folks do.

When you are to leave Church, you should stop and make way for the rest of the folk, and not crowd and push, or talk.

And you should walk back to School in your place, and not run out of your rank, for it has a bad look to see a Boy or Girl run in the street in a rude way.

You should try to shew that you have been taught to do what is right, and that you know what you go to School and to Church for.

SHORT STORIES

GOOD AND BAD BOYS.

STORY I.

THERE was a rude boy whose name was Tom Bird: he had one sad trick, he would fling stones. One day he flung a stone at Betsey Sharpe, and cut a great gash in her cheek, which made a sad scar: nor was this all; he flung a stone at a lamp in the street and broke it, for which he was put in the cage and beat a great deal; but he still kept on; and at last flung a stone at Frank Ross, which beat his eye out: so poor Frank was blind of one eye all the rest of his life.

Tom Bird said, he meant no harm; but it was harin, to knock one eye out of a poor boy's head, to whom God had given two eyes: it must be best to have two eyes, though a boy may make shift with one; and no boy can be thought kind or good, who does not care whose head he breaks, or whose eye he knocks out.

STORY 2.

JACK PRINCE was a good kind boy, he saw Tom Bird throw the stone at poor Frank Ross, and run from him ; so he went up to Frank and said, Don't cry, Frank, I will lead you home, and see what can be done for you : so he bound up the poor boy's eye, to stop the blood, and then he led him home to his aunt, who took such care of Frank, that the place got well, but the sight of the eye was lost ; which was a sad thing for a child that must one day work for his bread.

When Jack Prince left Frank Ross, he met Tom Bird, and said to him, O fy ! Tom Bird, how cold you beat out a poor boy's eye ? I could not rest night or day if I had done such a sad thing. Who cares what you think ? said Tom. Just then a man, whom Frank's aunt had sent to look for Tom Bird, came up and beat him with a good stout stick, and made his bones ache and his flesh sore for a week ; and a rich friend who gave him clothes, and now and then a good meal, would have no more to say to him ; nor would one good boy play with him : all this Tom Bird got by his sad pranks.

STORY 3.

THERE was a boy whose name was Bob Hearn, his way was to beg in the street all day ;

he did not care for dirt or rags, though it is quite a shame for boys or girls, who have their health and the use of their limbs, to beg in the streets; but some boys and girls have no shame in them, they do not care what all the world think of them, though they cannot get friends if they go in dirt and rags through their own faults.

One day a good man saw Bob Hearn beg, and said to him, Why don't you work, you great strong boy? I cannot get work to do, said Bob. Come with me, said the man, and I will get work for you, my boy. I can't go in rags, said Bob. Yes you may, said the man: if you will wash your face and your hands, and comb your head clean, I know of a school where they will not mind your rags, where you may learn to read, and to put heads on pins, and help to make shoes and boots, and mend your clothes. The place, I mean, is a day-school, set up for poor boys and girls. But Bob would not go to school, he chose to beg; and at last he fell sick and had not a friend in the world to help him, and then he did so with he had gone to the school, but it was too late,

STORY 4.

THERE was a boy whose name was John Fope, he had been taught to beg in the streets; the same good man who spoke to Bob Hearn, told John Fope he would take him to

the school if he would go and be made clean; so the next day John Pope went with his face and hands clean, and his hair smooth, and said to his new friend, Pray, Sir, take me to school. That I will, my good lad, said the man; so he went with him to the school: when John saw boys less than him hard at work, and some at their book, Dear me, said he, this is nice; I will not beg in the streets now; I will learn to work and read too. How could Bob Hearn be such a fool, as to choose to beg in the streets when he might have come here and learn to do such things as these? If you think Bob Hearn to blame, said his friend, mind the rules of the school, and be a good boy, and make what friends you can. Jack was a good boy, and found the best thing he could have done was to go to school.

STORY 5.

NED JENKS was a boy that would fight with all the boys that came in his way, if they said a word that he did not like; nay, if they did but look at him or touch him by chance. What do you look at me for? he would say: or, why do you touch me? and then he would call names and give a great blow. One day he beat out two of George Blunt's teeth this way. George did not like to have his teeth beat out: so he fell on Ned and beat him, and sent him home

with two black eyes. I will teach you not to knock teeth out, said George. Ned Jenks went on in this way till not a boy would play with him : and as for work, he would do none if he could help it. When he grew to be a man, he spent his time with men like himself: and they would fight and box; at last one gave him a blow that was the death of him.

STORY 6.

POOR Hodge Gray got up at five o'clock, and when he had put on his clothes he took the old horse Ball, and the old grey mare, and went to the field to plough it. At eight o'clock he went home and eat his bread and cheese, and drank his pint of beer, and then to the field once more; while Ball and the grey mare drew the plough, he held it and sung a song. At noon he fed poor Ball and the mare, and gave them drink, and let them rest while he made a good meal at home; then he went to work once more, and he did his work well, for he would not cheat for all the world. When he had done work at night he put by his plough, and led poor Ball and the mare home, and gave them hay and corn, and then he took his own rest. He had not such a hard heart as to beat poor dumb beasts, and keep them from food and drink for a great while, as is the way with some folk.

STORY 7.

DICK GRANGE had a dog, the name of which was Dash; and a good dog Dash was, for he would not growl, or snarl, or snap, or bite, but would go with Dick Grange, if he did but say Dash! Dash! and yet this sad boy would beat poor Dash, and make him howl and whine, so it would have made your heart ache to hear him; and he would tie bones to his tail, which made poor Dash run as if he was mad. One day a man caught Dick Grange, and hung a great stone to his hair, and beat him as hard as he could. Now, said he, how do you feel? Will you serve a poor dumb beast so? O no, no, said Dick; pray let me go, and I will be good to poor Dash. So the man let him go.

STORY 8.

JACK SPRUCE was a neat boy; he kept his clothes clean, and had a brush to brush them and his hat when he put them by.

He did not run in the mud to splash his legs, or wet his feet, and spoil his shoes, nor did he try to kick the dust up as he ran in the road, just for the sake of fun. He knew it was hard for poor boys to get shoes and things, so that they ought to take care of them when they had the good luck to have them. And when he came to a house, he would scrape and rub his

shoes that he might not bring dirt in doors. He would hang his hat up or put it by ; and no one saw him, when his work was done, with dirt on his face and hands, or with a rough head of hair ; for Jack Spruce had a comb in a case to comb his hair out : while he was at work he could not help dirt, but then he did not mind it, as he could wash and brush it off ; and he was at all times fit to be seen. When he went to school he did not tear his book or soil it, and turn down the leaves, but kept it clean. So I think we may call Jack Spruce a neat boy.

STORY 9.

RALPH BANKS was a poor boy ; he had no shoes to his feet, nor a coat to his back, and his shirt was all rags ; for poor Ralph Banks had no friend to take care of him.

O what shall I do now my dad is dead, said he, I fear I shall starve. No, my good boy, said a man that heard him, God will not let you starve if you are good. God has made you strong, you can work, and I have work for you to do ; so dry up your tears and come home with me : I will give you a bit of meat or a good slice of bread and cheese, and a draught of beer, and you shall lodge at my house, and I will teach you how to work and earn clothes. So the good man taught poor Ralph how to hedge and ditch, and plow and sow, and reap and thresh,

and drive a team, and clean a horse, and feed pigs; and gave him at first four pence a-day, and then six pence a-day. In a short time Ralph bought two shirts and a pair of shoes, and at last he bought a good coat, and was quite a tight lad. So you see what is to be got by work.

STORY 10.

TOM BOWLES was a poor boy who was brought up so bad, that he did not know what a church was for, and all days in the week were the same to him: he did not know how to serve God, he had no thought of God, yet he took the name of God in his mouth; but it was to swear and curse by. In this sad way Tom Bowles went on, till one of the good friends of the poor said to him one day, Do you know who God is, my lad? What? said Tom. I ask you, said the good man, if you know the God that made you? Not I, said the boy. Have you not been to church? said the man. No, said Tom; what should I go to church for? the church is not for poor folks, they cannot dress fine. The church is the house of God, said the man. Do you think the great God minds the dress of folks? No, my boy, God looks at the heart. If a poor man, or a poor boy's heart is right, God does not like them the worse for a mean dress. I don't know what to say at church if I go there, said Tom. Can not you read then, said his

friend. Don't you know how to pray? No, said Tom. That is a sad thing, said his friend. Well, it is not too late for you to learn. I will take you to a place where you may be taught to know God, and serve him; and what to do and say at church; and a great deal that will do you good to know. Will you go, my boy? Yes, that I will, said Tom, if you will shew me the way, and get me in. So the man took Tom to school, and there he learnt to read; and when he was told how good God is, he did so wish he had known it when he was quite young. And when he went to church he was so glad! And he soon learnt to pray to God, and praise him for all things; and left all his bad words and bad ways, and was one of the best boys in the whole school.

STORY II.

JACK PAINE was one of those boys that love to tease and vex the rest. If he was in the work room at school, he would tell tales; if he was upon the form in the room where the boys learnt to read, he would give one a fly pinch, and pull the hair of the next, or snatch his book, and make him lose the place where he was to learn his task.

He went on in this way, till there was not a boy that would sit by him if they could help it; and none would play with him; and he was chid

and beat most days for his tricks, so that he led a sad life.

At last a good boy, whose name was Will Grant, said to him, You are in a sad way, Jack; if I was in your place I would mend; I would leave off the tricks that make folks hate and shun one so. If I do, said Jack, no one will play with me. Yes, said Will Grant, I will play with you; but mind, you shall not pinch or pull hair; if you do, good by to you, I will play with you no more. Jack said he would not, and he kept his word; and soon learnt from this good boy to be good too. Then Will said to the rest of the boys, Why don't you play with Jack Paine? He will pinch, said Ned Cole. He will pull hair, said Tom Crow. He will snatch, said Dick Ford. No, said Will Grant, he has left off those tricks now. Then we all will play with him, said they; and a fine game they had. I don't know what it was, but they were all good friends from that day.

THE END.



